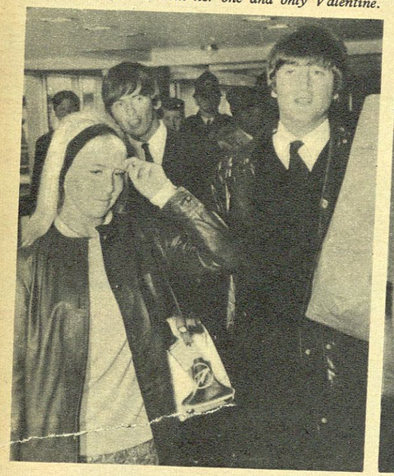
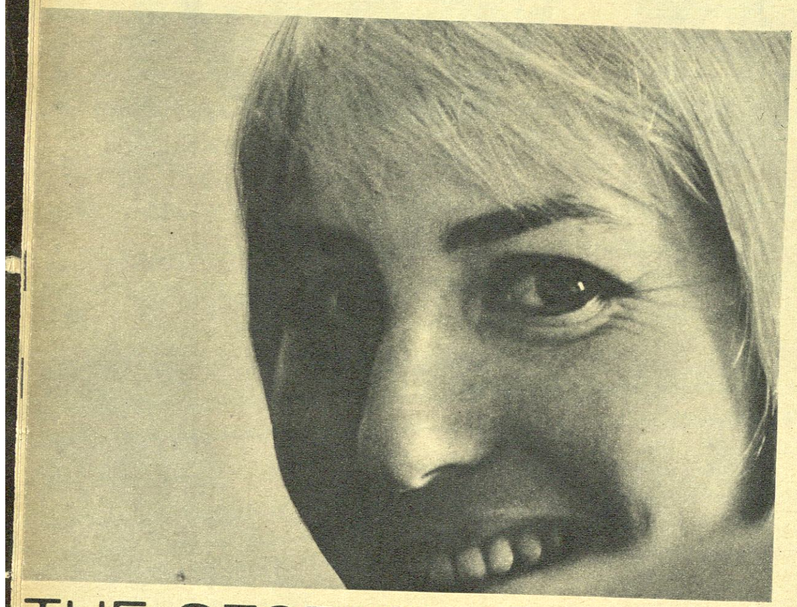
On the right: Baby John Lennon
Below: Cynthia with her one and only Valentine.





THE SECRET HEART OF cynthia lennon

IN TRIBUTE TO CYNTHIA LENNON, TO HER SON . . . TO THEIR LOVE FOR JOHN

SHE sits alone, cool, blonde and poised in a hotel palm-court lounge, in an airport reception hall or in the loneliness of a locked hotel room.

She thinks only of him as she waits while the fans scream and weep outside as he departs or arrives to riot-style ovations.

She thinks only of him as thousands of running and jumping teenagers cry "John, John, Oh, John!"

She thinks of him . . . and when he has finally gone and the roar dies away to a murmur . . . she thinks of the child. Of John Charles Julian. And of what one day she will tell him about his famous father.

John Winston Lennon.
Of the Beatles.
Whom she loves. So much.

It will take humour to explain John to his son. Humour to tell him the truth, just as it happened—that his father whose school reports were all much of the same —"could do better if he tried harder"—went on to become not only the biggest success ever in his own country but how he also took the American pop industry by its ears.

It will take humour to explain all this. This Cynthia Lennon, 21, knows.

But she has learned about humour. From him—from her beloved John.

THAT day when she ceased to be Cynthia Powell, John put it into his weird words:

"It is a red lettuce day, with you in your weddy drag . . . people tying boots and rice-budda on the car and you smiling the smile of someone who's seen a few laughs."

And she will tell her son how John, at fourteen, could have worked hard at his lessons and become an architect. But that if he had Liverpool would have lost its great pride and joy.

For The Beatles—were his idea. Right from the start.

She will tell how John, the school-boy, led for some thirteen years a life of almost uninterrupted happiness. How he liked life, hated most of his schoolwork, but enjoyed trying to draw.

How his mother, knowing his love of music, helped him in those early days by teaching him how to strum away on a banjo. Until tragedy struck soon before his fourteenth birthday. And she died suddenly. In a car crash. Just as her father, too, had died, though not in a crash.

And of how John and Paul and George struggled in the early days. How she first watched The Beatles, sitting in the back row of a hut at the Aintree Institute, Liverpool. Of the trips she couldn't go on. In the battered Beatle minibus from Harwich to the Hook of Holland, then to Hamburg.

SHE will tell her son, unashamedly, of his father's love for her—of how their love has always been such a wondrous and beautiful thing from the very beginning, when they met at the Liverpool College of Art.

About how, that lovely spring night—very suddenly—he proposed to her. "Without you by my side I'll be nothing. And quite miserable. . . ."

And when, eventually, they asked him "Are you married?" he never denied it at all.

He said: "It is just that nobody ever asked me about it till now. My wife Cynthia and I fell in love. It's as simple as that."

When the news came out there were some who thought that would be the end

She knows for certain she is his kind of girl.

of The Beatles. But they were wrong. So wrong.

For there were hundreds and hundreds of letters all saying: "It doesn't matter to us. We love you—and we'd like to send you a present for baby Julian."

Wherever he is, whatever he is doing, he is thinking of her. Her looks—the clothes he helps to choose for her, and the black leather cap he wears that she, too, sometimes wears. Even her cooking. Everything about her. Always.

And she will tell how he wrote his very first song *I Lost My Little Girl* when he was a thousand miles away. Thinking of her. And lonely for her.

Because destiny brought them together before IT happened. He married her before the fans began to worship him almost beyond belief.

And he hasn't changed his mind about her since.

She thinks as she sits alone, waiting to hear his smoky voice, with its warm dark-brown tonal quality, of the fleeting and little ways which are the moments of their truest love together. . . .

Love! This is the keyword to John's life. She knows the key belongs to her.

"*When I'm home everything seems to be right.*"

Because it reminds him of her. He knows as he walks among the roaring fans that she is somewhere, a long way away perhaps, but waiting for him. . . . And thinking of him.

And in the lonely hotel rooms he is thinking of her.

"*When I'm home everything seems to be right.*"